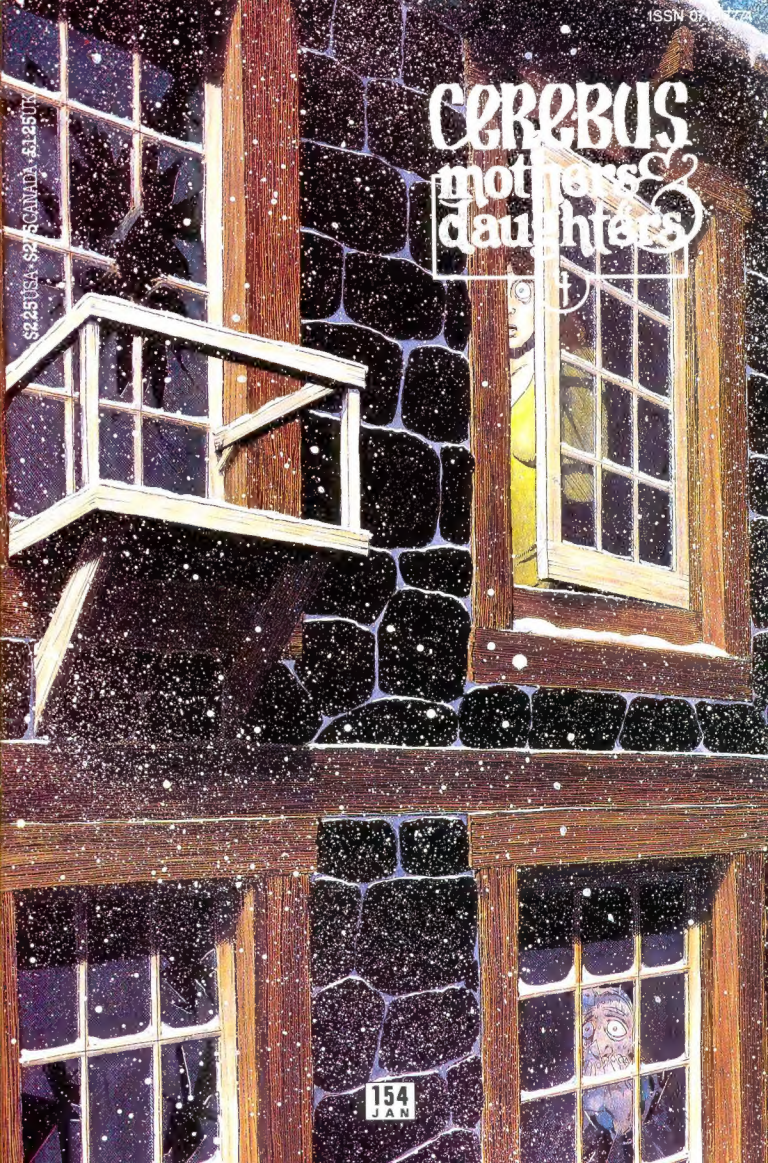
ISSN 0[illegible]

CEREBUS

mothers & daughters

$2.25 USA $2.75 CANADA £1.25 UK



154
JAN

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

It is December 29 and time to be typing this Note from the President. Hard to believe that by the time this sees print the San Francisco stop will be history. The "Making of 104" videotape is being edited into more professional form than the working print that was shown at Mid-Ohio Con in 1987. Bob Chapman is working furiously to have all of the t-shirts ready for the first convention and for Rory and Brian. The Diamondback cards are being printed this week. It's so hard to type with your fingers crossed.

★★★★★★★★★★

Bob Burden has agreed to let us build most of the Atlanta stop around him. Whenever Bob is given lots of display space for his work, the results are impressive, so that's what I've persuaded Fred to let us do. We're hoping that Roxanne Starr's schedule will permit her to join the festivities.

★★★★★★★★★★

Brad Foster, one of the most prolific self-publishers of mini and digest comics through his Jabberwocky Press has agreed to work on a jam benefit piece for the Houston stop and (we hope) to also put in an appearance with a large display of Jabberwocky publications. Stay tuned.

★★★★★★★★★★

Will Eisner wrote in answer to my request to do a *Cerebus* and *The Spirit* jam piece for the Miami stop and volunteered to donate the *Cerebus/Spirit* cross-over story published in *Cerebus Jam* as his contribution. I'm thinking of bidding on one of the pages myself. Mr. Eisner has also agreed to put in an appearance at the Miami convention if his schedule allows, which we won't know until we have that one scheduled. I hope to persuade him to display pages from *Heart of the Storm* or maybe even (be still o my beating heart) a work in progress.

★★★★★★★★★★

The benefit jam pieces we're doing with Michael Zulli and Scott McCloud are reproduced elsewhere in this issue. We hope that they fetch a good price. Where possible, we will be printing the jam pieces as they come in so that even the people who can't make it to all twenty-one cities (which I would imagine is most of you) can get a good look at them.

★★★★★★★★★★

Brian Hibbs has commissioned a special "Bay of Earth-Pigs" shirt design for the San Francisco stop.

★★★★★★★★★★

It was a great pleasure to hear from John Christian of *Paper Heroes* (two stores in Louisiana and one in Texas) who claims to sell more copies of Cerebus in the Lone Star State than any other store. I'm looking forward to meeting all the Cerebus fans in Killeen and the surrounding area at his store prior to the Houston appearance.

★★★★★★★★★★

Gary Groth has asked if I'd be interested in doing another cover featured interview in the *Comics Journal*. I haven't gotten back to him about it yet, but who can resist the offer of homicidal forensic debate at twenty paces? Should be a lot of fun.

★★★★★★★★★★

On a more serious note, I was sorry to hear that Reed Waller has been diagnosed as having cancer. The fact that he will be unable to do an *Omaha Cerebus* jam piece as we had planned is really the least of my concern, though it is a missed opportunity which I do regret. We can all only hope that Reed is up and producing the next issue of *Omaha* in very short order. I spoke briefly with Kate Worley on the phone and all the news is very encouraging. I've had to decline her request to contribute a benefit piece because of the nearness of the tour start-up, but she did say there will probably be a second benefit book later next year and I have given a definite commitment for that one. I hope any *Cerebus* fan that is able, will contribute to the fund, either directly or by buying one of Martin Wagner's benefit prints. Details next issue.

★★★★★★★★★★

I'm amazed at the number of people who have volunteered their help for the tour and who have gone very much above and very much beyond any call of *Cerebus* duty to help with the promotion and local media side of the tour. You've made a grown man cry.

★★★★★★★★★★

Speaking of making a grown man cry, Ken Viola, producer of the *Masters of Comic Book Art* video phoned to order his copy of *Melmoth* a few days ago. As you all remember, Ken is also a roadie for the Rolling Stones. I asked him if he thought it was possible (just tell me if it isn't) to get Mick Jagger to autograph a caricature of himself for auction at the New York stop. He promised to see what he could do.

Now *that* one I'll definitely be bidding on as well if it happens.

★★★★★★★★★★

I've got two pages to go on issue 155, but right now I'm going to take a few days off for the first time in three months of working seven days a week. She's downstairs waiting for me so we can go and see *JFK*.

Excuse me, won't you?

CEREBUS

NO. 154 JANUARY 1992

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Vice-President

LINDA BERZINS
Typesetting

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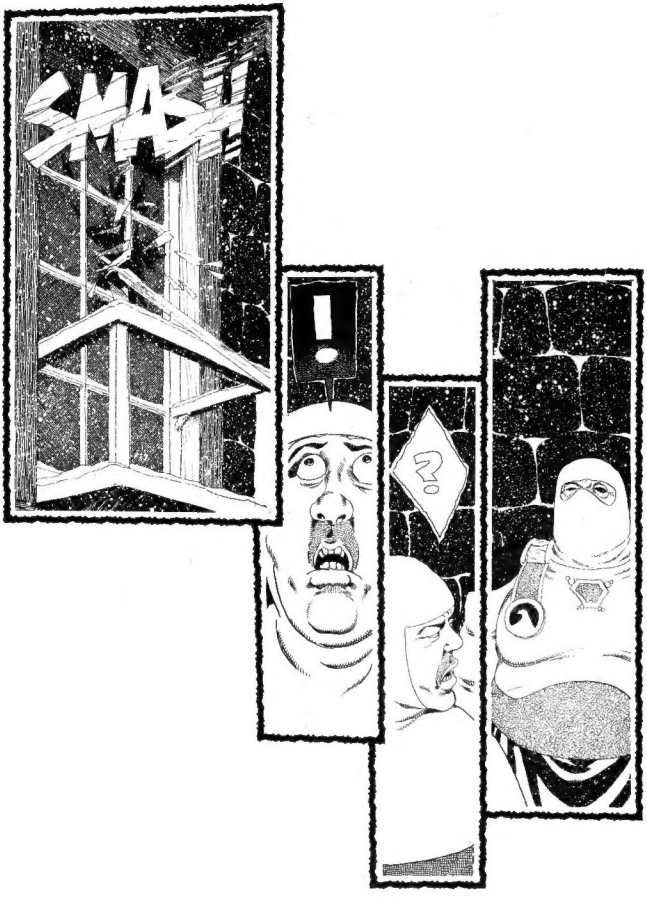
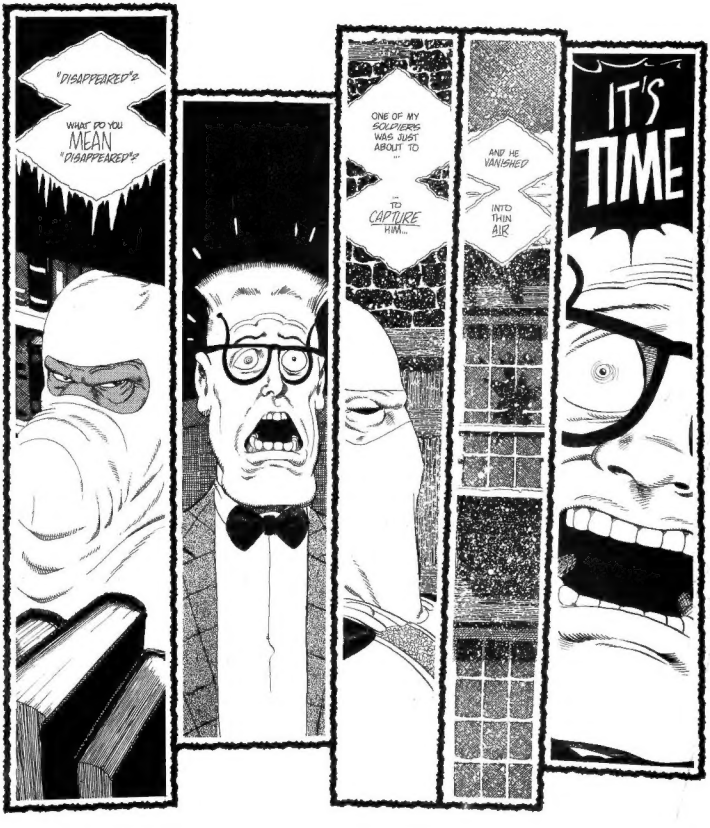
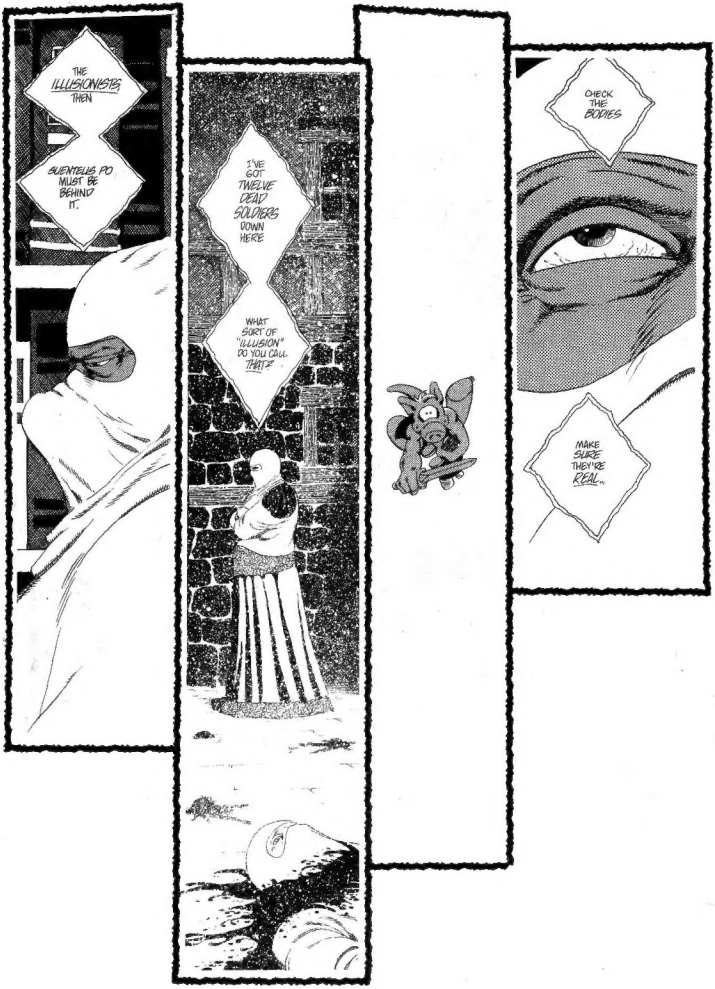

SMASH!
!
?

HE WAS RIGHT THERE!
HMMMMM.
IT WAS HUGE, CLARINDA...
GRRROWING OUT OF THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN...

AND IT WAS SHAPED LIKE A... A...
IT LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE A...
IT WAS A GREAT BIG
THAT WILL BE ALL CLARISSA
THANK YOU
?
YES MRS. THATCHER

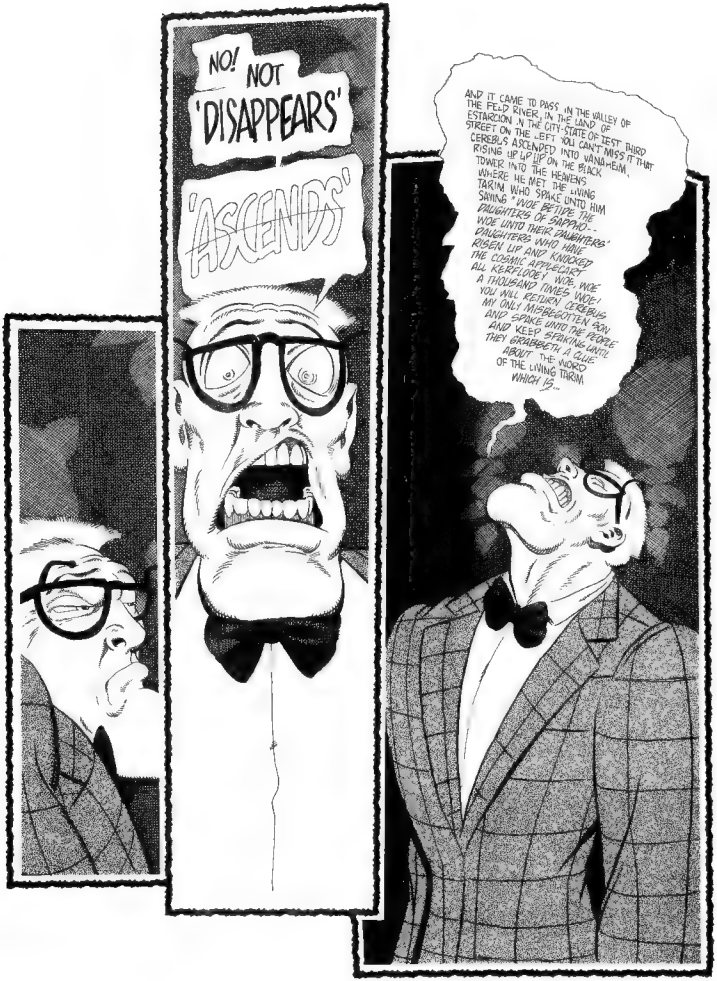
ZZZZ
CIRIN.
YES, GENERAL. YOU'VE CAPTURED HIM?
HE'S UNHURT?
HE DISAPPEARED?
disappeared

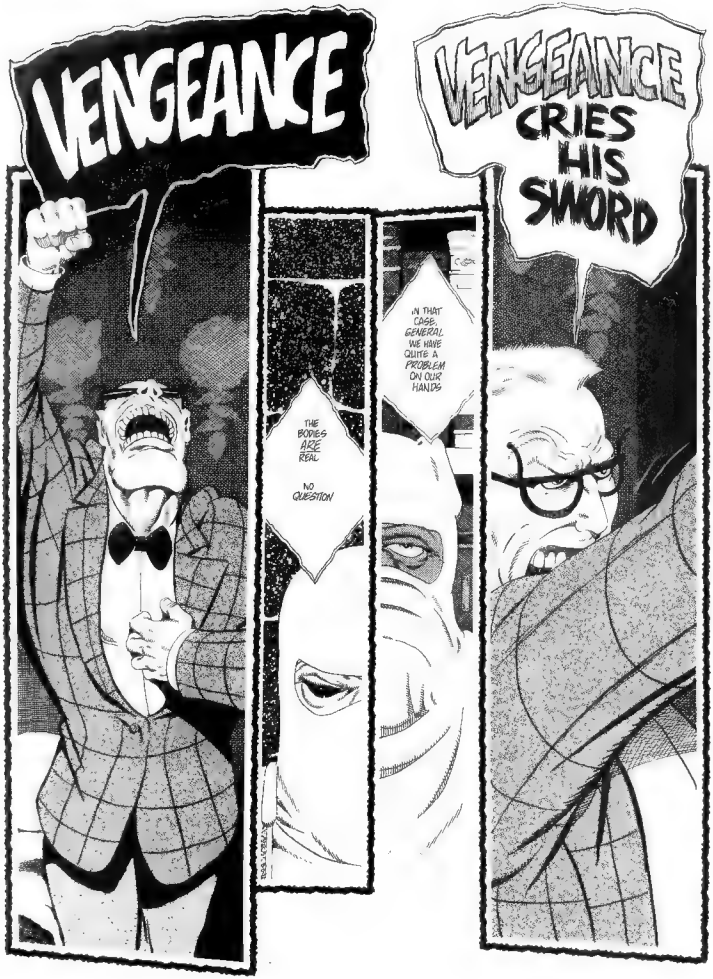

"DISAPPEARED"?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "DISAPPEARED"?
ONE OF MY SOLDIERS WAS JUST ABOUT TO ...
... TO CAPTURE HIM...
AND HE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR
IT'S TIME

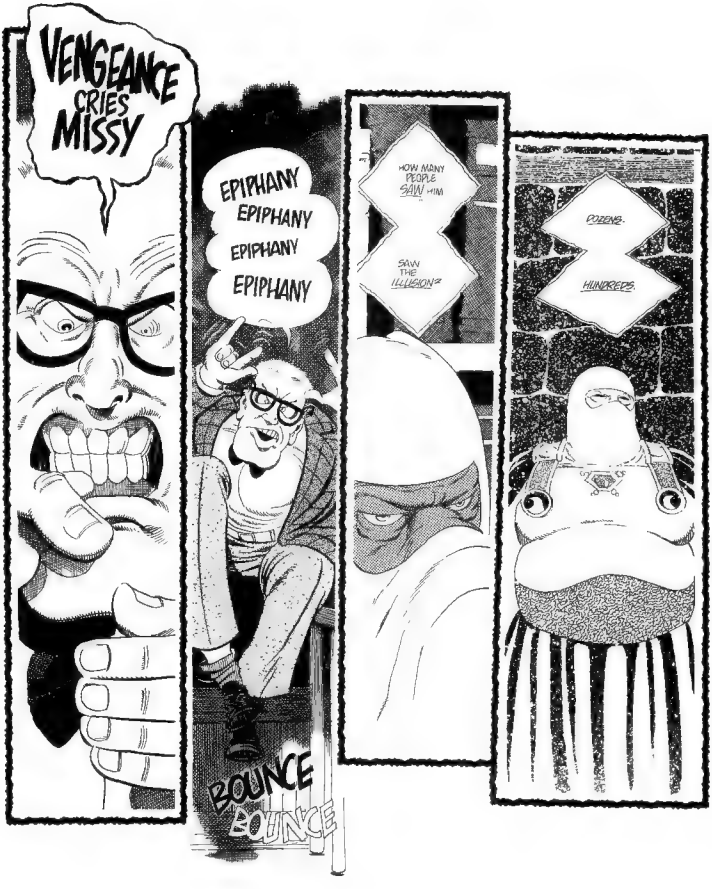

THE ILLUSIONISTS, THEN
SUENTELUS PO MUST BE BEHIND IT.
I'VE GOT TWELVE DEAD SOLDIERS DOWN HERE
WHAT SORT OF "ILLUSION" DO YOU CALL THAT?
CHECK THE BODIES
MAKE SURE THEY'RE REAL.

I REMEMBER NOW!
I'M THE MERCHANT!
THE COCKROACH!
CAPTAIN COCKROACH!
THE MOON ROACH!
WOLVERROACH!
BAT PREDATOR!
THE PURELY PLATONIC PRIEST ROACH!!
THE SECRET SACRED WARS ROACH
normalroach...
I WAS USED BY WEISSHAUPT
BY ASTORIA!
BY CHARLES X CLAREMONT
I REMEMBER!
I REMEMBER I REMEMBER I REMEMBER I REMEMBER I REMEMBER
EEOUP THE ANTI-POPE!!
MICHELLE!
THE FINAL ASCENSION
BUNKY THE ALBINO!!
BETH, DEAR, WE'RE READY FOR YOU
HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE

POWERS (PRIEST)
WEISSHAUPT (KING)
CEREBUS BECOMES PRIME MINISTER AND THEN POPE (KING AND THEN PRIEST)
JULIUS (KING)
CEREBUS BEATS JULIUS' GOAT (KING BEATS KING'S KING)
ASTORIA KILLS LION... (PRIESTESS BEATS PRIEST)
ASTORIA (PRIESTESS)
CIRIN (PRIESTESS)
CIRIN INVADES AND CONQUERS TEST (PRIESTESS BECOMES QUEEN)
(PRIESTESS BEATS QUEEN)
CEREBUS CAPTURES ASTORIA (PRIEST BEATS PRIESTESS)
(MAGICIAN BEATS PRIESTESS)
PRIEST BECOMES MAGICIAN.
CEREBUS BECOMES MAGICIAN...
ASTORIA (PRIESTESS) IMPRISONED CIRIN BECOMES (QUEEN OVER PRIESTESS) CIRIN OVER JULIUS (QUEEN OVER KING) (OVER) (POWERS) (PRIEST) ...
MAGICIAN ...
DISAPPEARS


NO! NOT 'DISAPPEARS'
'ASCENDS'
AND IT CAME TO PASS, IN THE VALLEY OF THE FELD RIVER, IN THE LAND OF ESTARZION, IN THE CITY-STATE OF TEST, THIRD STREET, ON THE LEFT, YOU CAN'T MISS IT THAT CERBUS ASCENDED INTO WANDHEIM, RISING UP UP UP ON THE BLACK TOWER INTO THE HEAVENS WHERE HE MET THE LIVING TARIM, WHO SPAKE UNTO HIM SAYING "WOE BETIDE THE DAUGHTERS OF SAPPHO... WOE UNTO THEIR DAUGHTERS' DAUGHTERS WHO HAVE RISEN UP AND KNOCKED THE COSMIC APPLECART ALL KERFLOOEY! WOE, WOE A THOUSAND TIMES WOE! YOU WILL RETURN CERBUS MY ONLY MISBEGOTTEN SON AND SPEAK UNTO THE PEOPLE AND KEEP SPEAKING UNTIL THEY GRABBETH A CLUE ABOUT THE WORD OF THE LIVING TARIM WHICH IS...


VENGEANCE
VENGEANCE CRIES HIS SWORD
THE BODIES ARE REAL
NO QUESTION
IN THAT CASE, GENERAL WE HAVE QUITE A PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS

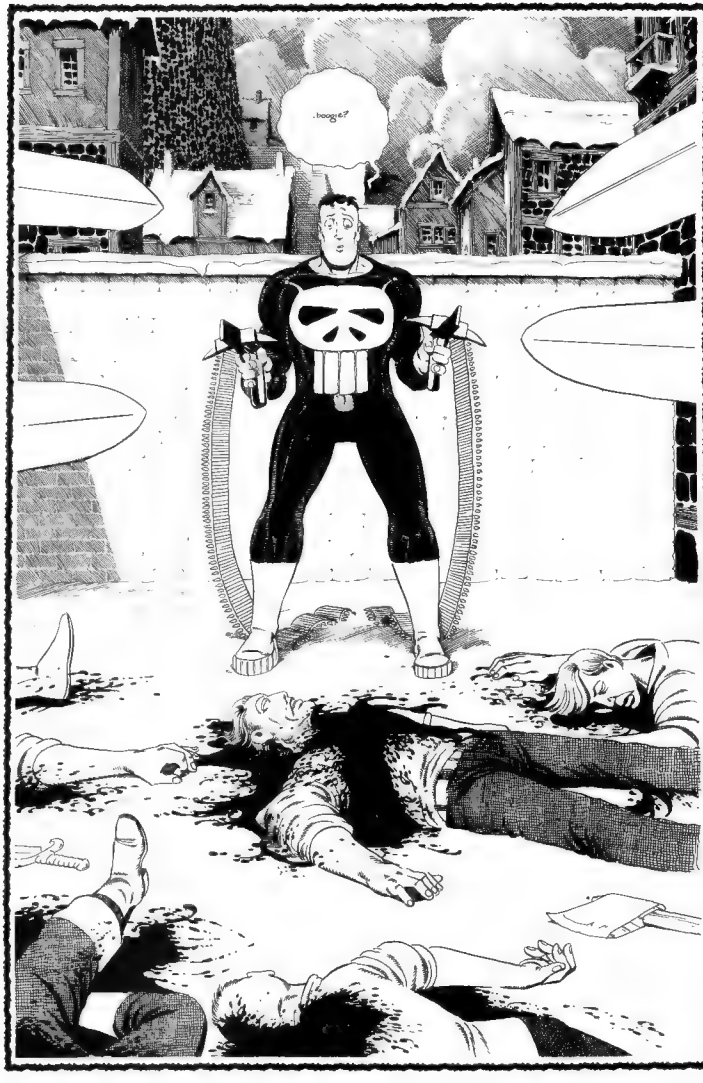

VENGEANCE CRIES MISSY
EPIPHANY
EPIPHANY
EPIPHANY
EPIPHANY
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
HOW MANY PEOPLE SAW HIM
SAW THE ILLUSION?
DOZENS.
HUNDREDS.

RUB RUB RUB
COMB COMB C'E
TEASE TEASE TEASE
COMB COMB COMB COMB COMB
TWO BLOCKS AWAY CERBERUS HAS CALLED FOR THE EXECUTION OF THE HATED CURNISTS...MEN ARE POURING INTO THE STREETS WITH HOME-MADE IMPLEMENTS STRIKING THEM DOWN LEFT AND RIGHT AND LEFT AND
NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT STYLING GEL?
AH
THANK YOU, KEVITCH
HE'S GONE
IT WAS HIM THOUGH, WASN'T IT?
EXECUTE
YOU DON'T REALLY THINK WE'LL FIND EVERYONE WHO SAW HIM TO YOU?
THE ODDS ARE ..
THE ODDS ARE GETTING WORSE EVERY SECOND YOU STAND AROUND TELLING ME WHAT THE ODDS ARE, GENERAL
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

YOU'RE THE BOSS
THE GREAT CHANGE HAS BEGUN. A CITY WIDE POPULAR UPRISING! THE STREETS WILL RUN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF THE UNBELIEVERS! BY SUNSET WE WILL HAVE BEGUN THE BATTLE FOR CONTROL OF THE UPPER CITY. BY MID-NIGHT CIRIN WILL BE HANGING FROM A LAMP-POST AND CERBERUS WILL ONCE MORE ASCEND TO THE PAPACY OF THE EASTERN CHURCH AND I WILL BE HIS STRONG RIGHT ARM, MY REWARD FOR VALOR IN THE GREAT PROTOTYPIC WARS AND MY INSTALLATION IN SUCH A POSITION OF POWER AND AUTHORITY WILL SIGNAL THE FIRST GREAT VICTORY OF THE SIX-FOOT TELEPATHIC COCKROACHES
PING PING PING
TOOTHPASTE TOOTHPASTE
WUMBSHUMSH SAUMSHEEMS SHOOMSHEM SHESHWAMASH MEEESH
GRGLRGRGL
PROOF
PRIM
BECAUSE IT'S TOO LATE TO RUN.
PROOF? WHY PROOF?

MUST MOVE IN NEARLY UNISON OR ELSE SLOW ENOUGH TO SNATCH
AS THE PEARL HANDLED BOW AND CROSSBOW BOLT BEGIN TO CHANGE HAS ALREADY BEGUN
BEFORE GOLIATH OF ALL NEARBY AND ONLY THE NEWLY UNIFIED MULTI ROACH CAN TIP THE SCALES IN FAVOUR OF THE FORCES OF THE ONE TRUE DOPE!
TOO LATE

CAAARBEEEEEE-E-E-NING BOUNDS CORNERS DOWN HALLWAYS WITH CHARACTERISTIC GORE-AND-PENNED HURTLING DOWN STAIRWAYS AND OUT INTO THE STREET, CRASHING OFF OUTWING SO THAT IT SEEMS FOR THE MOMENT THAT THE LATEST ATOMIC INCARNATION WILL BE EXHIBITIONIST KRACH IT IS A MATTER OF A FEW INSTANTS BEFORE I REMEMBER THE COSTUME. SERGEANT PRESTON HAS BEEN WORKING ON FOR SEVERAL WEEKS WHICH I'M WEARING UNDER MY normal RAINCOAT...THANK YOU SERGEANT PRESTON
HOTEL
?
THE DIE IS CAST!
THE TIME IS NIGH
LEAP
THE MOMENT IS AT HAND!
LEAP
NOW IT BEGINS
LEAP
THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION DOUBLE BAG FIRST APPEARANCE OF


...boogie?

AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Dear Dave, Gerhard and Aardvark Comment Readers,

Here they are! You guys should've expected these. The Connie Lingus Backlash Photos! Enough of Miss Lingus in sultry apparel, posing in provocative positions! Here are the *real* Cerebus fans, the grunts, the sluggers, the filthy masses! We demand equal time! We demand to be heard! It's all well and good to be a post-modern, vampiric goth-punk now, Connie, but you just wait; body hair and work boots are-a-comin' back!

Semi-literately,
William and Bill Stedgie
Somewhere in Asparagus Land

P.S. The Stedgies love Cerebus! We'd eat rusty nails and broken glass for the weird little bastard! And like it, too! We nominate ourselves for "Cerebus Fan Guest of Honour" for anyplace we don't have outstanding warrants. Notify Dennis Lesbian! The world is ours!!!

P.P.S. Personal note to Stinkin' Larry Laughmaster and Biff Tomatopants: Where are you guys? What's happened to you? Are you still alive out there somewhere?

★★★★★★★★★★

Connie Lingus Back-lash Photo #1. We were going to print these as holograms on the cover, but we ran out of time.

Dear Dave,

Congratulations on reaching #150. Half-way, Dave, only 150 to go. Cerebus' importance to the "literature" of comics is almost impossible to foresee at this point but it can only be considerable. I'm with you to #300, man.

150 issues. Wow. Kirby's 101 issues on *The Fantastic Four* is still an impressive run but it looks like cake compared to this accomplishment.

Reading over the preceding two paragraphs, I can't believe I wrote some of those lines. It's like witless gushing, man. All I wanted to do was congratulate you on hitting that half-way mark and tell you how much I was looking forward to #151. A week or so ago, I gathered up all the issues of *Melmoth* and read them in one sitting (I only flipped through the last few because I read them so recently). I liked it before, but the story works on other levels read at once. The Epilogue was especially welcome Cerebus reacts! Cerebus takes action! Cerebus kills someone! If you keep this up, your sales may go back up.

I've started Richard Ellman's biography of Oscar, read the first couple of chapters. I should know more about him, since Wilde, along with William S. Burroughs and Gertrude Stein is one of the great gay literary icons. Oscar's life story is interesting even before his birth, both of his parents being so eclectic. But I'm sure you know all about it.

I just read Michael Moorcock's *Mother London*. I was very impressed, very moved. I've heard so little about this book, I doubt that it did well, but quality-wise, it's his best. If you get a chance, tell Mr. Moorcock that *somebody* on our side of the Atlantic liked *Mother London*. Make that two people. My brother borrowed it. He hasn't read much of it yet, but he does like the first few chapters.

That's all the aimless blathering I have time for today, Dave. Try to live up to your blue china,

Tony Seybert
5987 Franklin Ave. Apt. 203
Los Angeles, CA 90028

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

I have finally gotten so far behind in my homework that I find myself writing to you again (I am only able to write to people when I am insufferably behind in my work. You are reading the work of a world class procrastinator. Industrious people beware!).

I just read *Mothers and Daughters* #1. Wow. Suffice it to say that I have loved the last couple of issues more than any since Oscar critiqued the Cirinist and Iestian censoring techniques way back in *Jaka's Story*. How long is *M. & D.* expected to be? You have given me a beautiful tease with the first issue, now I expect you to maintain that level of writing for however long the series lasts.

I would like to address some letter page business of late.

1. *Feminism.* I am concerned not so much with the issue as the term. Unfortunately, "feminism" is another one of those terms that has, through misuse and abuse, come to mean nothing (much like "inquisition" or "bourgeois"). The word has far too many meanings to far too many people to be of much use today. If you are a "feminist" you might be for gender equality under the law (I will call these people "equalicists", for lack of a better term). Or you might be a believer that all social structures are masculine, oppressive and evil and that all society must be rebuilt according to the "good," female nature (conservatives usually call these people "militant lesbian bitches" but that language gets us [society] nowhere. I prefer to call them "Dalyans", in reference to that paragon of wisdom [not], Mary Daly). Or you might be anywhere in between. Most people today would, I believe, consider themselves equalicists. I think it is assumed by most of us that the Bill of Rights and all laws should protect all people. People who are more Dalyan in nature are an odd group. They tend to be a neo-Marxist, Virginia Woolf worshipping type that is found almost exclusively up in the ivory tower of academia. There are few things as strange as the difference between the ideas of the executive working woman who considers herself a feminist, and the Social Work or English post-grad who uses the same term. Of course, I am using stereotypes here, but I do think that these two types I described above are somewhat typical of the different camps in the feminist debate.

More importantly, I think everyone who tosses around the term "feminist" should define exactly what they mean and realize just how different other people's definitions of feminism are. I have suggested two new terms, and welcome any others which would help clarify this debate.

2. The letter of M'Oak, and especially peoples reaction to it. I do not think that when M'Oak said rape was natural he was condoning it. The human animal finds many anti-social acts (like murder, fighting, dishonesty) to be all too common or "natural". I must reluctantly admit that I too have experienced that horrible, unsatiable desire. It was an unreasonable monster. It would not be quelled by a bit of masturbation. Nor would it listen to the logic of "why not just ask her out? It can't hurt." The hormones of a sixteen year old, combined with a multitude of typical adolescent insecurities simply do not work that rationally.

Like M'Oak (and like most of us men), I did control myself. But many men do not. Many Dalyans would try to convince you that "rape is not sex, it is violence." No. Those serial rapists who hide behind trees and attack random women, they are committing crimes of violence. But most of rapes are committed by someone who knows that woman, many are date rapes. These are not all maladjusted psychopaths, they are not crimes of violence. They are sex crimes. The urge I felt was the irrational need for sex.

Once again, I am not condoning. I still use the word "crime" for those who do rape. I believe that M'Oak's point was that the nature of male sexuality is different than the female's. If one wants to improve male-female relations, they must take both of their sexual natures into account. The male is biologically designed to deposit his seed anytime, anywhere. Nurturing is not "natural" for man. But then again, so little in civilization is. It seems all that we call human is the act of suppressing our natural tendencies for the good of others.

In this context, M'Oak's words were not a sanctioning of rape, but rather the realization of yet another flaw of human nature that all of us men, to different degrees, share. It is something unpardonable, but it must be looked upon honestly if we are to ever overcome it.

New topic.

Dave! I would really like to try self-publishing myself. If you have the time, could you send me some information of how to start. I have all those first-timer questions. What's the cheapest way to go about it? Is there anything I should know? I do not even have enough information to know what questions to ask. If you write back (hell, even if you do not) I promise to send you a copy when it is done.

Again, love your work.

Sincerely,
Mark J. Russell
2130 Locust St. Apt. A2
Philadelpha PA
USA 19103

P.S. Imagine—Cerebus 1–300; 12 volumes; leather bound; thick-white paper. Is it a format you'd like to try out? God knows I'd love to see it on my shelf.

Martin Wagner was going to publish a thoroughly researched *Guide to Self-Publishing* through his Double Diamond Press, but low orders forced him to cancel the planned book. Instead he will be serializing it in the pages of *Hepcats*. Watch for it.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave,

Here's my check for the *Melmoth* book. On November 5th the exchange rate was .9326, and it'll probably go down which'll be a good deal for you.

The last two issues were fucking incredible! I had gotten used to the slow pace of *Jaka's Story* and *Melmoth*, and all of a sudden . . . Whak! Dead Cirinists! I've been waiting for Cerebus to ice one of those hippos for a long time. And #151! Something big is going down. I liked the last two novels, don't get me wrong, but *Church and State* is still my favorite, it has that grand, epic feel to it. I have all the confidence that *Mothers and Daughters* will surpass it. In one issue you bring back the demon from #2 and Death from #4, and the earth-pig statue re-assembles! After I read #151 I danced around for awhile, then I looked at the back cover and, goddammit Dave,

this was the best issue ever

I think I can identify with why Cerebus didn't kill himself this time. If I knew that I wasn't going to die for a few years and was in his situation, I'd fuck as much shit up as possible. What the hell, right? Hey, that Conan Hyborean age stuff "supposedly" preceded our own culture, but we don't know about it because of a cataclysm right? Is Cerebus going to "die alone, unloved and unmourned" because he ends the Estarcion civilization, and kills millions of people? Go get 'em, that'll teach them not to give Cerebus all their gold.

One other quick theory. The old aardvark burned at the stake in the flashback/vision at Astoria's trial, was he Sunteus Po? The burning aardvark was an illusion, creating an illusionist/tarimite/cirinist trio with the three aardvarks.

A friend of mine says Cirin is Cerebus' mother, but I'm not too keen on that.

I know I promised you and Ger a bottle of Scotch, but I'm really tapped right now. Besides I'm going to see you in Atlanta, so I'll give it to you guys (belatedly) in person.

Swordfish!

Reverend Maynard Xenolith
Box 131902
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35403

P.S. Yes, I am ordained now, so I get all the perks and Slack that apply to all holy men. Praise "Bob"! If this letter is printed, any other Subgenius Cerebus readers out there? Remember, Cerebus got all that gold for doing nothing but asking for it, if that isn't Slack (or at least False Slack) I don't know what is.

P.P.S. I have a perfectly happy romantic life! So nertz to all you whiney slobs! Remember, The Church of the Subgenius can get you back the sex and Slack they stole away.

P.P.P.S. *CIRIN SUCKS WET FARTS OUT OF DEAD PIGEONS!*

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave,

It is my unfortunate duty to inform Mr. Steinmetz, author of the valiant attempt at bringing greater happiness into "Aardvark Comment" (Comment, #151) that his life is not what it seems. It may seem to be a happy letter, but as a devoted advocate of the

Connie Lingus Back-lash Photo #2.

depression and angst predominant in Comment, I cannot allow such an attempt if it truly is not so. Y'see, I am a psychic, and Mr. Steinmetz's psychic vibes filtered off the letter into my ability. I would give everyone the benefit of my own qualifications, but unfortunately they have all been statistically evaluated and now take about 3,000 pages of computations to relate. Much too much for Comment to reproduce, or most people to comprehend. I direct the remaining to Mr. Steinmetz:

First off, you have only *knowingly* not raped anyone. You have a suppressed second personality that dresses up in seventies disco garb for the sole purpose of not only raping, but humming Dance Fever throughout the darkened streets of New England towns. A real sicko.

Your parents were abducted by aliens when you were three, and replaced with actual alien sleeper agents activated upon the major successful cinematic release of a Marvel character.

Your girlfriend, who is definitely attractive, is not calling you because she has her own personal 976 to her house. She is much too busy taking calls to give them, though she indeed is panting hoarsely next to her phone.

Unknown to you, all the bookstores currently involved in your employment are fronts for the largest drug and arms cartel in New England (actually, North America). They are under surveillance by the FBI and Interpol, and alas, they have a file on yourself. They will soon nab you, and because you were unaware of the situation, will take the fall for your criminal bosses. This is the reason you have been allowed to continue school, so as to keep you in the

area and "happy." The "Forum" is an FBI front.

Congratulations on your novel, but you have plagiarized it, and will be caught. On one of your night rampages throughout a rural town, you pilfered someone else's manuscript. After a good rape, you read that manuscript followed by a successful bout of writing (re: copying).

If you recall, Mr. Sim correctly explained what happened to the Supreme Creator . . . sorry, you don't even have that. In your frustration you ultimately will turn into a pandering "Jeezofreak," obtain a TV and radio show, and follow in the treads of previous tele-ministers. Your tele-ministerial fall will coincide with the FBI case, and you will spend the next ten years in court, then another ten in jail, and end your life as an info-mercial host.

You are smug, however, only because in your perceived happiness you have totally missed all the signs that you are a sap, dupe, pawn, patsy, fall-guy, cat's-paw, and fool awaiting to be bamboozled.

I will not charge for this consultation, giving it only because any happiness that comes about in Comment must be from some freak of nature trapped in our society, and not someone deluded by aspirations of happiness.

Thank you for the noble attempt, and please, no hard feelings. Good luck!

Sincerely and respectfully,

Psychic Willie T.
M. Etc. #325 Langdon Plaza
Elmira, NY
USA 14901

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Please allow me to say a few words . . .

I read M'Oak's letter in #147 and became very angry. I tried to write a reasonable response but kept getting a lot of profane words out of my pen. I didn't send that letter and tried to forget about it all. I then read the other responses to M'Oak's letter and decided to try again.

M'Oak . . . there is something wrong with your story and it smells real bad.

At first I just figured you were a horny young guy and for one instance you almost lost your self-control. It happens. Sex is natural and for someone of your age at the time to think about sex constantly is fine and normal. We all go through periods when lustfull thoughts engorge us. But then I read your letter a little more carefully.

Rape is about power. Dominance. It has nothing to do with sex. You state that more women are raped by men than the other way around because women don't have pricks and can't stick it anywhere. What makes you think you have to have a penis to rape someone? Rape is about submitting someone else to your desires without their consent.

You state that "what a rape victim might feel is nothing compared to" the attacker who looks the real demon in the face. I'd like you to tell me M'Oak, just what do you know about being ruthlessly and viciously overpowered and made to do something against your will; something that invades your private sanctity; something you don't want to do that causes you great physical and mental pain, only to feed someone's power lust? Just what the fuck do you know about it? (I'm sorry Dave, I'm getting angry all over again.)

You state that you were in love with Deborah and just wanted to screw her. Then you write about yourself in this way; "young virgin", "my whole period of infatuation" "she'd talk and I'd be tongue-tied", "desperate young man like myself", "her drinking made me feel terribly left out", "her license plate made me think that my own license plate was *impotent* and childish" (emphasis mine). And many more. M'Oak, you weren't in love with this girl, you didn't want to just screw her. You wanted to CONTROL this older girl by "covering her mouth so the kids wouldn't hear" and hold power over her, using sex as a tool. You wished to subdue her only for your own pleasure. Sex was meaningless to you in this case. You just wanted to dominate her.

You say that you're a writer. Well, then, I'd say you should study your words more carefully.

One final thing. If this overnight was just for the staff (to set up camp for the children who were coming later), why did the two of you have to stay behind with the "Kids" and not go swimming?

Fuck you M'Oak. How much more are you hiding?

I'm sorry and thank you Dave.

Art Monk
P.O. Box 445
Brossard, Québec
J4Z 3P9

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave & Gerhard,

A late congratulations on reaching the halfway mark. Seeing Cerebus on the bench at "half-time" reminded me of those fun fan drawings we used to see years ago (my favorite being Mr. Lynn Walker's unpublished *Surfer-Cerebus* and his babe Jaka on the beach).

Powerful cover on #151. That's really what motivated me to write. The vast library with its wooden bannisters, its tiers and balconies, the shelves standing defenseless, and the lone book with its "regal" golden ribbon falling into an unseen depth: all these elements combine nicely to indicate book-burning before the issue is even opened.

Whether you're talking about Puritans in the English civil war warming their hands over the ashes of ancient manuscripts, or King Henry VIII shipping off monastery libraries to become butchers' wrapping paper, or 20th century fundamentalists acting out their ignorance, the destruction of books breaks my heart. Literature, whether historical or fictional or otherwise, is one of the few gifts of immortality man has. We may not know if the soul exists, we may not be certain that our progeny will carry on the values and knowledge we've garnered, but we do have books. And they're **all** valuable. We may not all agree on what's truly worth saving, but if the last couple of century's worth of criticism has taught us anything, it's that criticism often doesn't mean a whole lot and it's all subjective and mutable.

Aaaand so forth and so on.

Your cover engendered that brief rant, and the stories, especially of the last few years, have done even more in the way of spurring on thought. I appreciate your efforts and your time. Take care of yourselves.

Jeff G.
3207 E. 2nd Street #15
Long Beach, CA
USA 90803

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Aardvark Comment·

Response to Allen Rubenstein (#150).

You are saddened to read my story. That's not enough. I ask you to feel anger on the behalf of all those who suffer brutality so other people can make money. I would like you to ask yourself why child rape happens. I don't know—do you? How can you be sure pornography doesn't contribute to any child rape? Or don't you care? Incidentally, it is not enough to focus on the legality or otherwise of acts in pornography—it is not legally possible to rape a male in the U.K. I'm not clear whether you disapprove of all censorship (as Dave Katzman did, but later qualified it). If you do, I have nothing more to say to you. If you don't then you accept the reality of—and need for—social control.

It's clear that real people are really harmed by pornography—the children who die, the women who are fucked by dogs. I won't answer your silly point about definitions. Go to your local 'adult' bookstore and see for yourself.

I don't agree that schools alone can stop rape. (Or did you use the 'e' word?). I think castrating rapists can. Chemically, reversibly.

The obvious is not so obvious, it seems. Genocide for justice equals the concept of just warfare, which looks lovely on T.V. when all the nastiest bits have been censored out!

About misdirected anger: about four years ago I remembered a very traumatic element of what happened to me and was feeling isolated, scared, suicidal. I looked in the phone book and rang the rape crisis line. The woman refused to talk to me because I was male. Where would you have me direct my anger, Mr. Rubenstein?

Response to Anonymous (#150).

Thank you enormously for writing. Hang in there, my friend.

You're not the only one.

Apologies to all readers for the length of this letter (if printed).

Sean Goldthorpe
221 Dames Road
Forest Gate
London, E70EA England

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave:

An alternative viewpoint:

REM Sucks! REM Sucks!
REM Sucks! REM Sucks!
REM Sucks! REM Sucks!
(That goes double for Morrissey)

Only George Thorogood and Mojo Nixon prove that Rock'N'Roll will never die!

Burnin' Down The Malls.

Joel Hecht
1600 East Rochelle, #259
Las Vegas, NV
USA 89119

★★★★★★★★★★

Aardvark Comment,

Re: Imbalance of whining to happy letters in Aardvark Comment.

Mr. Steinmetz's letter in issue 151 was one of the most heart rending that I have read in a long time. Especially the part about having taken a Forum course and having decided to put his "life together" based on it

For those of you not familiar with this fun organization, it is yet another incarnation of EST (Erhard Seminar Training). One is locked into a hotel hall, deprived of sleep, food and permission to go to the bathroom and shouted at until you "get it". If you want to get a good idea of what it's like, think of the scenes between Bishop Posey and Pope Cerebus. The resemblance is so striking that I wonder if Dave didn't go to one of these things for his inspiration. Some people, like the reporters who've gone to these seminars and emergency ward personnel who have to deal with the psychiatric emergencies of seminar goers, think this looks a little like brain-washing. This is, of course, simply due to their lack of spiritual enlightenment.

The whole wonderful world of EST (The Forum, The Hunger Project, etc.) was started by Werner Erhard (aka Mr. Rosenberg, aka "The

Connie Lingus Back-lash Photo #3.

Source"), the inventor of psycho-babble. We have him to thank for phrases like "thank you for sharing that with us" and "can you actualize it in your space?" Mr. Erhard is rumored to be in Russia these days. This is somewhat worrying for those who are currently in the process of suing his socks off. There is a rather large pile of lawsuits falling on him. So beloved by his family is he that one of his daughters has publicly accused him of rape and one of his ex-wives is suing him for everything but the kitchen sink. So well thought of is he by people who have worked for him that they accuse him of threatening to sic the Mafia on them. The list of well wishers is just so long that I couldn't consider naming them all here but have instead enclosed a few hundred newspaper articles on this giant in the Human Potential movement for the *Cerebus* staff's edification (copy to Mr. Steinmetz). The gist of these articles could be summed up by an old 60's tune that could well have been written with gurus like him in mind (trivia fans, name the tune!):

"Sunshine, sunshine, go away.
I don't feel much like laughing.
Some man's gone, he's tried to
run my life
He don't know what he's asking.

How much does it cost?
I'll buy it!
Just what does it take?
I'll try it!!

He can't even run his own life,
I'll be damned if he'll run mine!"

Let us all spare a moment to contemplate the plight of Mr. Steinmetz, that our own troubles might seem lighter by comparison. The "certain smugness" of which he complains is only the start of his devolution into an "EST-hole". In the 70's the EST movement was well known for the world-of-mouth advertising campaign that went: "Yes, I had a friend who got into EST. That's when we stopped being friends."

And now, a public service announcement:

Have you been gouged by your guru? Swindled by your swami? Tortured by your "therapist"? Fucked by your facilitator? Who'ya gonna call?

In Canada, call COMA (Council on Mind Abuse), 40 St. Clair Avenue E., Suite #203, Toronto, Ontario M4T 1M9, 416-944-0080. In the States, call CAN (Cult Awareness Network), 2421 W. Pratt Blvd., Suite 1173, Chicago, IL, 60645, U.S.A., 312-267-7777.

Both of these non-profit organizations can provide you with background information on controversial organizations. If you're thinking of changing your life through the completely unregulated and wide open world of "self-improvement" courses, "spiritual exercises" and "mind development" groups, this information could save you incredible grief. You'd check into someone trying to sell you a new type of toaster; why not exercise the same care in selecting someone who's trying to sell you a new kind of brain? In some areas counselling and support groups for survivors and their families are also available.

Yours truly,

Don Hutton
175 Bloor St. E., North Tower
Suite 500
Toronto, Ontario
M4W 3R8

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

The earth had no leaders and love reigned supreme and free speech was so natural and normal it wasn't even considered and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel was covered in bad poems and Michaelangelo's David had 'Helen is a Whore' hacked on its arse and someone whispered 'I don't care what a bunch of nobody's think about their girlfriends, it's getting in the way of the art. It's getting in the way of the art'. All the nobody's applauded his right to say what he did but politely disagreed with the views he expressed and scrawled their disagreements across seven Van Gogh's and three Picasso's. 'You can't win with these people', whispered the whisperer.

The Whisperer.

c/o the 'Get on my nerves and I'll tell you an allegory' Agency.

286 Holmbury House
Loughborough Park
Brixton
London SW9 8NP
England

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

I'll skip all of the "this is my first time writing to a comic" bullshit, and get to the letter.

Is it just me, or is every comic dealer now turning away from the "big two" companies for a better publication? Granted, DC is putting out some good titles such as *Sandman*, and *Hellblazer*, but these seem to be the roses in a bush full of thorns. I mean, how many mutants can you deal with before going out of your mind? But the down side to this is that as a retailer, I have learned that trying to recommend a decent independent to anyone is like spitting into the wind. The entire industry now seems to only want to please the speculators. I'm glad that you haven't decided to jump on the bandwagon and start to publish limited edition mass market bullshit books. Can't you see it now? "The new *Cerebus* #1!!!!! only 10 zillion made!!! Limited edition! Signed and numbered!"

Help me. One more big *Punisher* book and I'm gonna puke, A lot.

Okay, I got that over with. Now to the real reason I'm writing. "Hail Cerebus"? Fuckin' wow. So far, *Mothers and Daughters* has been the balls. While I enjoyed *Jaka's Story* and *Melmoth*, you gotta know how pumped I was to see Cerebus actually MOVE. The first thing I did was call Barbara and tell her. Believe me, she was just as happy as I was. Thanks for the bitchin' story.

Sorry that I didn't write to you about my problems with the opposite sex, but maybe next time. Oh yeah, Gerhard—you get a fuckin' wow too.

Later,

Mike Grogan
168 School St.
Everett, MA
USA 02149

P.S. No, I wasn't in *Jacob's Ladder*.

P.P.S. Ron Hogan, drop me a line.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

When I was about 8 years old, I went with my parents to see Johnny Cash. During his performance, I went with mom to the front of the stage where she was going to take his picture. We were about 10 feet from the stage and he noticed mom adjusting the camera, so he came near and put his foot up on a monitor and struck a pose for her. When mom noticed this, she became too flustered to take the picture. She just stood there with this idiot "Duh" look on her face until he smiled, shrugged and walked on to another part of the stage. I felt the

Connie Lingus Back-lash Photo #4.

same way today when I called Aardvark Vanaheim to order *Melmoth*. I mean, for all I knew I was talking to the janitor, but the possibility of actually speaking to my hero was kind of overwhelming. I felt the same way when I met Mike Watt after a *firehose* show a couple of months ago. I shook his hand and barely managed to croak out "I love your stuff." He was really cool about it, gave me his autograph and everything. So when you come to Indianapolis and you see the big hairy guy with the U.S. postal service cap standing in line, be patient and I will try to be intelligible.

By the way, what subject can we bring up with Gerhard that won't cause his eyes to glaze over? If he's in Indy I don't want to zombify him.

Anyway, here's the money for *Melmoth*. Looking forward to seeing you in Indy.

Charles W. Smith
789 N.E. H. St.
Linton, IN USA 47441

P.S. Tell the mail avenger that he should wrap up bricks or cement blocks and then tape those postage paid envelopes to them if he really wants to make an impression on the junk mail merchants (not that I, as a U.S. postal employee, would endorse or encourage such an act).

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Just been re[illegible]g H. Montgomery Hyde's biog[illegible]y of Oscar Wilde, and it has drawn to mind certain things. Foremost is the complex issue of Alfred Douglas and in what light to view him. The impression I have formed, however incorrectly, is that Douglas firstly clung to Oscar firmly through pre-trial life, never leaving Oscar alone, a constant reminder of Oscar's homosexuality and after the Queensbury trials, for which he must take partial responsibility, he left Oscar. In later life he renounced his former habits and more significantly Oscar, and in the Billing trial he denounced Oscar's works, previously of which were of great merit according to him. Douglas seems too eager to become conventional, to be accepted. It is easy to think ill of Lord Alfred Douglas

Proof of Douglas' betrayal of previously precious values he's also in the criminal libel case brought by Robert Ross against Douglas who had publicly denounced him as a practising homosexual. However, despite Douglas' change of heart, he is not solely responsible for Wilde's downfall, and must not be made out to be the sole cause. Although Wilde often after the trial placed blame at the Queensbury family for his downfall, he also placed blame at his own doorstep. In a letter to Carlos Blacker he wrote:

"Nemesis has caught me in her net: to struggle is foolish. Why is it that one runs to one's ruin? Why is destruction such a fascination? Why, when one stands on a pinnacle, must one throw oneself down? No one knows, but things are so."

I am still no nearer a conclusion about Douglas, really. Perhaps a read of Douglas' autobiography will reveal more. If you haven't read *The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde* by Peter Ackroyd, then do so, since it is excellent. If you have trouble finding it in Canada, let me know and I'll send you one.

It is November 26th and England is cold and miserable. At ten minutes to two on Saturday it will be the 91st anniversary of Oscar's death. I wonder, how many will mark his death, how many people care? Thanks for listening Dave, sorry if I went on.

Nick Holdstock
57 Park Hill Rd.
Wallington, Surrey
England SM6 0RJ
P.S. Congrats on 150 issues.

P.P.S. Any chances of U.K. Tour?

P.P.P.S. Mike Bannon? Who the hell is he? Sorry, seemed a good idea at the time, but hey, you can say that about most things

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

Well: I had stopped buying *Cerebus* at around issue 66, all those years ago; it seemed relatively easy to walk away from the series—despite a continuing fondness for it—and let the chronicles of the Earth-Pig continue without me: Part of this being that I was at a phase of my adolescence when "reading comic books" seemed to conflict with "becoming an adult," hence something BEST left behind. And not only did I stop buying issues as they came out, eventually, low on money, I sold my collection, which began with issue hahaha thirteen; and regardless of occasional feelings of nostalgia, I didn't *look* at another issue of *Cerebus* for over six years . . .

. . . until I found out that the entirety of *Church and State* had been bound in two volumes . . . which a friend of mine, whom I'd initiated into *Cerebus*, bought: I borrowed both and read them in two sittings, forgoing sleep, ignoring all other projects, utterly involved and amazed at the complexity of the narrative, and extremely grateful at having been given the opportunity to redeem myself for having ever walked away.

. . . which is to say, among other things, that I'd like very much to buy the four volumes completed thus far and would appreciate it if you'd tell me what issue proceeds from the close of *C&S*, that I can start following anew. I'm quite worried about how Cerebus will *deal* with the judgement passed on him; it's keeping me from falling asleep.

. . . But FINALLY, I wanted to underline, as though you needed to hear someone NEW say it, that the series is an amazingly impressive accomplishment, a wonderful thing, and that I envy the sense of pride you must feel—that you deserve to feel—for having authored it.

Am I an *adult* yet???

Thanks in General.

Allan MacInnis
307 22292 122nd Ave.
Maple Ridge, B.C.
V2X 7L4

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Mr. Sim:

I am writing today to inquire as to the whereabouts of one of your contributors, namely, Randy Zimmerman. Randy and I were good friends and traded a lot of comics back in the early 80's in Flint, Michigan. Since that time, I have moved to Kentucky and opened my own law practice. Unfortunately, I have lost contact with Randy and the only way I know of reaching him is through your organization.

I would be very grateful if you could let me know where Randy might be found or forward this to him so he might get in touch with me. Thank your for your time.

Sincerely,

Michael A. Taylor
130 South 20th Street
P.O. Drawer 937
Middlesboro, KY
USA 40965
(606) 248-8855

★★★★★★★★★★

.

Dear Dave,

This is a very belated letter, so I hope it might be seen sometime. I am, incidentally, a close-to-25-year-old female. (The person who introduced me to *Cerebus* years ago once said I should mention that.)

This is in response to/noting the letter by a fellow who once put forth that a female friend may think she's confiding in/etc. her male platonic friend at a level of mutual understanding / compassion / friendship need etc., while though he may genuinely be listening / caring / etc., his hormones are nevertheless simultaneously flowing, unbeknownst to the girl, etc. That was the gist of the part that caught my eye, for (generalizing taken into account) the letter appeared at about the day I had, after years of a very open attitude, figured it out for myself. And not from one case . . . this is not one of the whiney letters. But I've gone all my life not noticing whether a girl played Batman at school (kindergarten) to nearly whatever you could come up with, by college, to see what chromosome was carried by Emotional Character unit so-and-so, as regarding what they did and such. At Vassar, I was lucky to find among the hundreds of people some particularly sensitive and wonderful humans, people we are glad to have as friends. (Two in particular became my best friends, as opposed to good friends. I had not had a best friend since my original one was whisked to France as a 10-year-old girl and my cat of 16 years had departed.) And with the exception of one very special soul, who was/is a real gentleman, guess what—(superfriend included) they all have hormones! It may take 4 or 5 years (or certainly less) to find out! I refer to platonic straight male friends having hormones directed towards me (surprised) in this case. Symbolic phrasing, in reference to published letter stuff above! Not regarding good friends who were pure gay male, whatever female, etc. or people in general. I mean, these certain people I'd shared an emotional level with, to reveal (intentionally or not) the nature of the case.

So. Is there perhaps someone out there with a really good platonic opposite sex relationship or two, wondering about things? As in the *whether this is possible/of course, stupid* discussion/question of *When Harry Met Sally?* The moviemaker thought no; then, I thought, haha! Not that H. & S. were that good pals, compared to some of you rare . . . WELL . . . if it should happen:

1. The realization is equivalent to the action as far as altering the relationship, so if you step down to ignore it, you may be different hereforth anyway AND kick yourself for at least not having done something special while you had the chance and remembering it always;

2. There is nothing like sharing said special thing with someone you are so close to, and you will never regret THAT,

3. Whatever is to come, you can at least know you took care of the matter before who knows what change the future brings.

(The above a composite, and true, true, true.)

The con? Well, if your friend is going to show you lightbulb (realization) there's not much you can do to prevent that, but if things are still OK? Carefui. You don't want to know what it's like when you both realize sometime that he's used up his hormones, and that's mostly all there was.

U.S.A.

★★★★★★★★★★

Mr. Sim:

I was saddened (but not particularly surprised) to learn from Zeke Norton's letter that *Aardvark Comment* has become a forum for the feminist bashers. Alain Villeneuve's letter in the same column more than proved that Zeke is right.

When Mr. Villeneuve comments that feminists today battle for superiority, rather than equality, he only reveals that he a) believes everything he reads; and b) doesn't know a whole lot about what happens in society. Women, sir, make up half the population; yet they work 2/3 of the world's total working hours for 1/10 of the world's income. We own roughly 1% of the world's property. Yet you, and many others like you, have bought into a convenient myth that there is not more gender inequality.

You may not like the fact that feminists are angry with you, but it isn't us who are giving you the bad rap, guys. It's the members of your own sex who are raping and battering us; and since some of us are your mothers and sisters and lovers, why are you putting up with it? If you really desire a fair world, then it's time men started holding each other accountable for their behaviour. You do this by educating yourself and other men about sexism, and by refusing to take part in any behaviour which builds up men at the expense of women. Feminism is about equality for everyone, regardless of gender, age, race, sexual orientation, or anything else. Seeing the movement's goals achieved will result in a better world for everyone.

Mr. Villeneuve, it may be easier for you to believe that equality was reached in the sixties and that any remaining feminists are man-hating extremists, but in the real world things are constantly proving that this is a lie. Here in Vancouver, a convicted rapist's sentence was recently reduced by four years, because the judge found "no evidence of sexual deviance." This is spite of the fact that the survivor was seven years old, and required reconstructive surgery. A woman's reality is as dangerous as any soldier's, and even if you are not actively involved in perpetuating this danger by your own acts of violence towards us, you benefit from our fear of this violence if you sit back and do nothing about it. If you aren't doing anything to stop the carnage, then you come in for an equal share of our anger.

Issue #1 of *Mothers and Daughters* was marvellous, Dave, and the title was what made me pick up the book while what was inside brought me back to *Cerebus* after a long absence. If other feminists are similarly hooked, maybe the "bitches from hell" contingent will find themselves with a real discussion on their hands, rather than a one-sided whine outlet for their insecurities.

In the meantime, I await the next chapter eagerly. "See" you all next month.

Sincerely,

Alyx Millar
1765 Cotton Drive
Vancouver, B.C.
V5N 3V1

★★★★★★★★★★

Things I've learned this year:

- Americans aren't against war—they're against losing a war.
- If you wear unconventional clothes, people will feel absolutely justified in spitting on you, laughing in your face, and calling you names.
- Congress people would rather believe a woman is insane than question a Man's integrity.
- AIDS is a disease which only affects drug users and queers and they should be all shipped oft to an island (maybe in the South Pacific?) where God can send this plague full force. (After all, they *deserve* it.)
- If you raise your voice in protest or try to discover possible tramplings of the Constitution, you will die.
- If you sit silently and question nothing, you will die.
- When men are sexually excited they become less responsible for their actions—they are like wild animals and women should be careful so as not to arouse them. This is why it's better to have a White Man's finger on the button instead of a woman's, because women are too emotional and they're dangerous to the well-being of the community.
- If you are a woman and you walk these streets at night, there is a good chance you will be raped. This is partly your fault for taking a walk.
- A man would rather not have sex with a woman on a date than ask her how she feels about sex.
- Women judges will rule non-consensual sex is not rape when a white businessman is the perpetrator.
- Some people will throw the word "feminist" around and never bother to define their terms, thus perpetuating a damaging, media-hype image of the feminist movement. Better we discredit people like Sandy (a woman I work with and who, along with Neil Gaiman, is the most consistently kind person I've ever known) than think before we speak.
- This is not a recession. People are not going hungry in America. There is no problem.
- Some people would rather ignore the evidence and hype the "wave of political correctness stifling debate on college campuses" than even address the issues of racism, sexism and homophobia in the canon and society at large.
- If you isolate yourself from the world and turn your back on doing anything to help your brothers and sisters, this is being in touch with the rhythms of nature.
- A law which prevents doctors from telling poor women about their legal rights does not discriminate against the poor.
- If you piss on the Constitution, you will be named a national hero.
- People want to believe David Duke.
- If you wear black and don't smoke, you're a poser.

(related: if you don't talk about being drunk, you have nothing in common with the people around you. If you march in a protest, you must scream and be as divisive as possible. If you know too much, you're an alien. If you speak of politics and religion, those around you will turn away.)

- If you are an anarchist-feminist-witch who loves jazz, old movies, politics and laughter and who is independent, outspoken, and intelligent, you will be forever lonely.

That's just the way it is.

Cairril
519 N. Lincoln
Bloomington, IN
USA 47408

Benefit piece in progress. *Cerebus* and *Zot!* by Dave Sim, Scott McCloud and Gerhard will be auctioned at the Boston stop on the tour. Proceeds to the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund.

WHERE THE FUCK ARE THE BICYCLES ON THIS THING?
GEE, I'M ONLY UP TO 36 ISSUES, AND I'VE BEEN CANCELLED TWICE!
TAKE IT ALL THE WAY, DAVE!
SCOTT

Benefit piece in progress "Two Bits" or "You Missed a Spot." *Cerebus* and *Sweeny Todd* by Dave Sim, Michael Zulli and Gerhard will be auctioned at the Boston stop on the tour. Proceeds to the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund.

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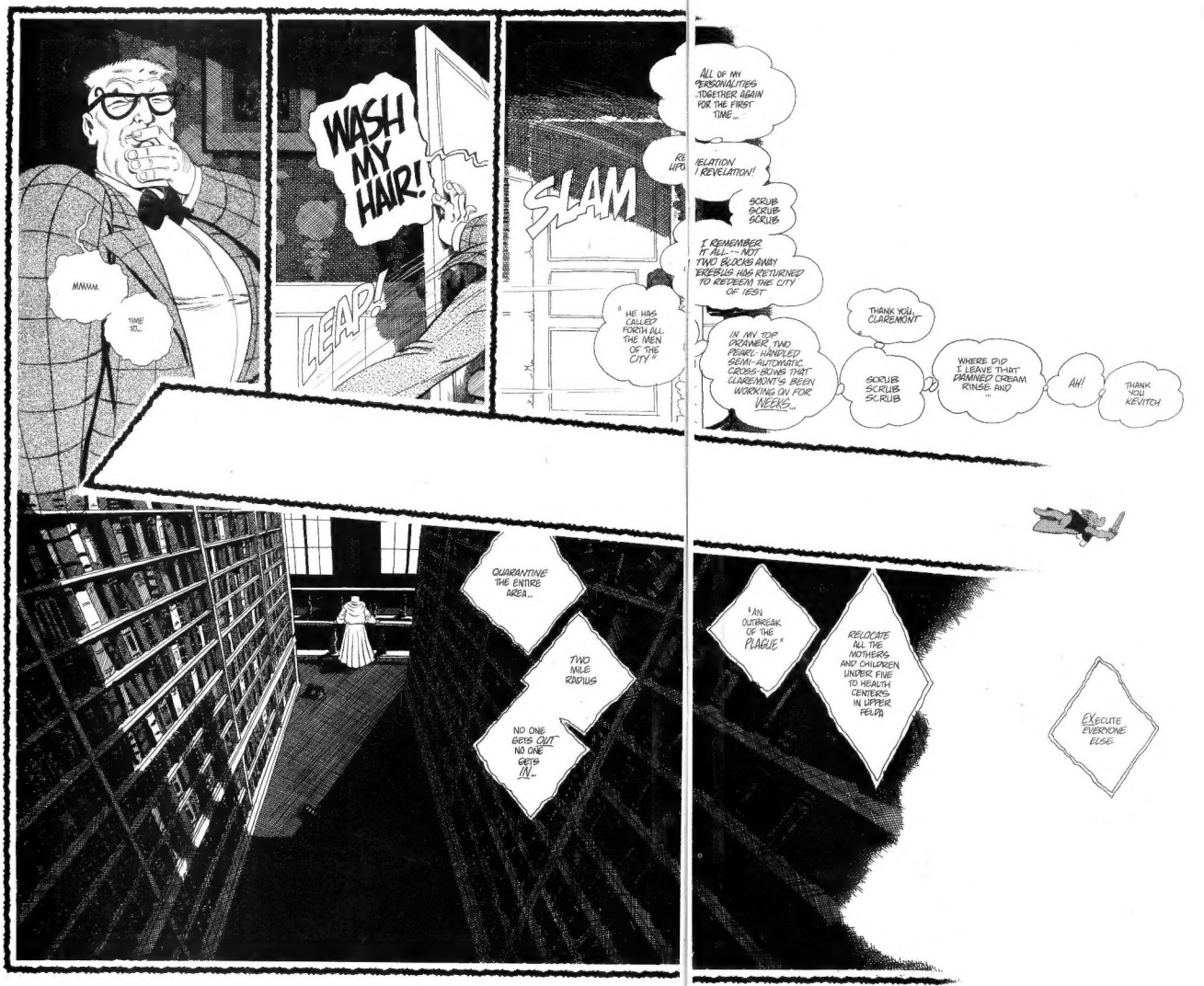
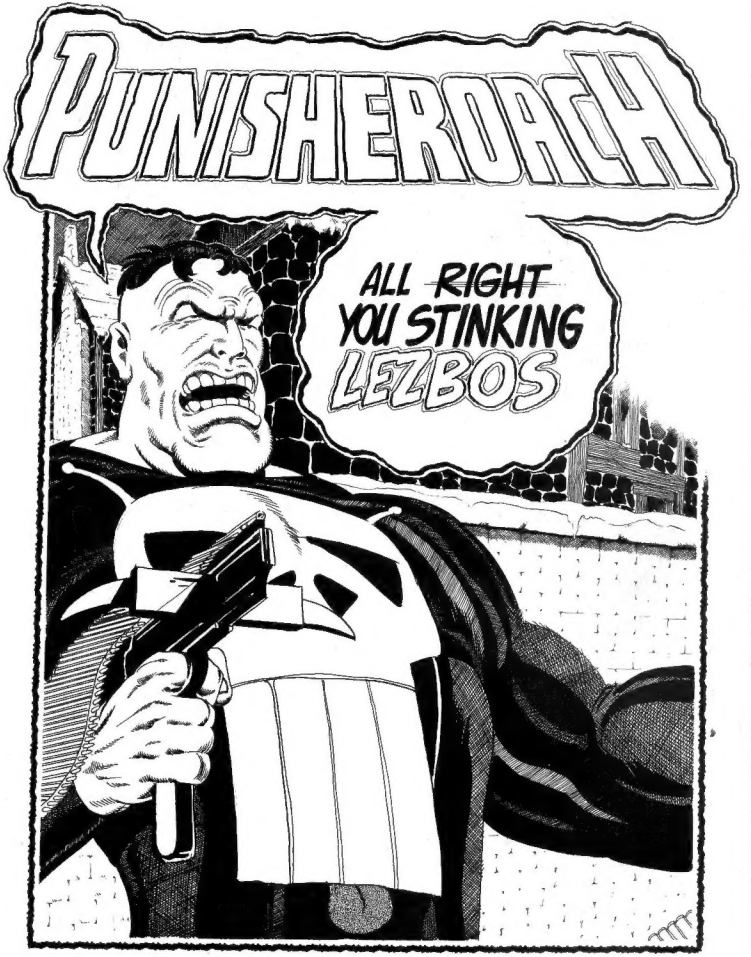

MMMM.
TIME TO...
WASH MY HAIR!
LEAD!
SLAM
"HE HAS CALLED FORTH ALL THE MEN OF THE CITY"
ALL OF MY PERSONALITIES .TOGETHER AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME...
IELATION I REVELATION!
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB
I REMEMBER IT ALL -- NOT TWO BLOCKS AWAY ZEEBUB HAS RETURNED TO REDEEM THE CITY OF 'EST
IN MY TOP DRAWER, TWO PEARL HANDLED SEMI-AUTOMATIC CROSS-BOWS THAT CLAREMONT'S BEEN WORKING ON FOR WEEKS...
THANK YOU, CLAREMONT
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB
WHERE DID I LEAVE THAT DAMNED CREAM RINSE AND ...
AH!
THANK YOU KEVITCH
QUARANTINE THE ENTIRE AREA...
TWO MILE RADIUS
NO ONE GETS OUT NO ONE GETS IN...
"AN OUTBREAK OF THE PLAGUE"
RELOCATE ALL THE MOTHERS AND CHILDREN UNDER FIVE TO HEALTH CENTERS IN UPPER FELPS
EXECUTE EVERYONE ELSE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ALL RIGHT YOU STINKING LEZBOS

LET'S...